

Harry's Siryn

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Category: Avengers, Harry Potter

Genre: Family, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Harry P., Iron Man/Tony S., Loki, Thor

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-01-11 00:21:15

Updated: 2014-01-11 00:21:15

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:25:43

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,063

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: SEQUEL TO HARRY HELASON. Harry goes to New York to meet Jane, his father's girlfriend, and the other Avengers. While in New York he meets a young woman having a personal crisis. M for innuendo and implied adult scenes. One-Shot. COMPLETE.

Harry's Siryn

I Do Not Own Harry Potter, Thor, the Avengers, or anything Marvel.

Here is a sequel to my story Harry Helason. Like its predecessor, it is a One-Shot. A couple quick notes, this takes place after the Avengers movie and I am disregarding the events of Thor: the Dark World, because although I love the movie, it doesn't fit the story I have in my head.

And as I had several reviews for the first story asking, shouldn't it be Harvaldr Thorson, it would be, if Thor had married Hela. Since he didn't technically Harry's name is Harvaldr Helason, as he is a bastard. That said, he does use Thorson on occasion, but it is not his technical name. And because he is a bastard, despite being the (in my universe) oldest, if Thor has any more kids, they are before Harry in terms of right to the Throne of Asgard. But Harry isn't really going to care because, as Hela's son, he's heir to the throne of Hel and Niffleheim.

It had been over a year since the Avengers first stopped the Chitauri invasion, and though they occasionally went their separate ways, the Avengers all called Avengers Tower (the former Stark Tower) home.

Clint and Natasha, still agents of S.H.E.I.L.D., occasionally left on

missions for the agency. Though due to the media surrounding the Avengers, they didn't do any undercover work anymore. It was too much of a risk.

Tony had gone back to Malibu for a bit, but after his home was destroyed by A.I.M., he moved into the tower permanently.

Bruce had only left once, when his cousin Jennifer Walters had been shot by a mobster. He was very close-lipped about the trip. But a few weeks later it became evident why when Jennifer Walters, a lawyer, had turned up to court, dressed in a pristine business suit, but standing much taller than before and with green skin.

Tony had immediately contacted her about being the Avenger's legal representative, and now she had a floor to herself in the tower, as well as being another Avenger.

Steve just roamed the streets, still trying to get use to everything that had changed since World War II.

Thor called the tower home whenever he was on Midgard, as did Loki.

Loki, as it turned out, had his mind controlled during the invasion. As punishment for his crimes, Odin had decreed that he aid Thor and the Avengers in defending the very world he tried to conquer.

The first few weeks of Loki's punishment had been rather tense, until he saved the rest of the team from the illusions of an Asgardian sorceress named Amora, who was enamored with Thor.

Of course, all of this was unknown to Harvaldr 'Harry' Helason, Savior of Magical Britain, The-Boy-Who-Lived, and the bastard son of Thor and Hela. Oh, he knew the tower was the Headquarters of the Avengers, and he had a good idea who they were, but he didn't really know much about them beyond what his father had told him.

And he'd yet to actually meet his grandfather.

Despite being a bastard, Thor actually had a fairly good relationship with Harry. Although Hela had given Harry the knowledge needed to use his war-hammer, named Marauder, Thor had helped Harry refine his technique. And although Harry still couldn't best his biological father, he could hold his own against the older Asgardian.

Though as he had more time to spend with Hela, who was a sorceress of power herself, he was very well versed in magic.

The young man resembled his father in build. With wide shoulders, a narrow waist, bulging muscles, and a boyish charm, Hela often joked about he had inherited all of Thor's good traits, and none of his faults.

She blamed his temper on her, rather than Thor, as he was someone who would let that anger simmer before unleashing it.

From his mother, he had inherited her black hair and green eyes.

Currently, Harry was in New York because Thor wanted to introduce him

to Jane Foster, his Midgardian girlfriend (though Thor referred to her as his lady). He wasn't actually expected until tomorrow morning, but he'd cut his visit to the Weasley's short due to a family dispute.

It seemed that, while he was in Asgard, Hel, and Niffleheim, Ginny had started seeing Draco Malfoy. This was uncovered during his visit, and her family was displeased.

Harry had decided it would be best to leave.

Flying to New York, he'd decided to walk to the Tower. Rather than his black and green armor, which he had gotten used to wearing, he wore a black suit with a green silk shirt. With his hair, which now fell to his shoulders and (thanks to a spell his mother had taught him, as she also had unruly hair) neatly combed, he made a rather handsome figure walking down the streets of New York.

Knowing he wasn't expected quite yet, Harry decided to find a decent bar, get a few drinks, and then find a hotel for the night.

Theresa Cassidy was trying to drown her sorrows.

The Irish mutant was a criminal, like her uncle, 'Black' Tom Cassidy, the man who had raised her. Unlike Tom however, she didn't enjoy criminal life. In fact were it not out of respect for her uncle, she wouldn't help him.

She wanted out, but didn't know what to do.

Which was why the twenty year old woman, with help from a very good fake id, was trying to drown her sorrows with a bottle of whiskey. However her attention was drawn to the door as it opened, and a handsome man that must be only a few years older than her stepped in. He was dressed finely, with a green silk shirt, and a custom fitted black suit.

Even with the suit, she could tell the man was heavily muscled.

Theresa contemplated for a moment. She was a virgin, as despite being a criminal. Tom hadn't really let her out of his sight much, and she wasn't really inclined to sleep around. Still, alcohol obviously wasn't helping her sorrows. Perhaps a good romp in bed would.

Making up her mind as the man ordered a scotch, Theresa stood up and approached him.

"Hi," a feminine voice said from beside him, causing Harry to turn and see a beautiful red-haired young woman with green eyes and cream colored skin sitting next to him.

He grinned lightly. "Hello," he greeted, before taking a sip of his drink (which was nowhere near the strength of the meads his father had introduced him to in Asgard, or the wine his mother had made in

her realms). Looking back at the woman he asked, "Can I help you?"

She batted her eyelashes at him, and held out her hand. "Perhaps," she said. "I'm Theresa."

Harry reached over and shook her hand. "Harry," he supplied.

"So what brings you to New York?" she asked, and the Prince of Hell and Niffleheim noticed a faint Irish lilt to her voice. Odds were she had picked up on his British accent.

"Family," he answered. "I'm meeting my father, he wanted to introduce me to his girlfriend," he supplied, seeing no harm in sharing the information. "What about you?" he asked. "I'd like to know what a pretty Irish lass like you is doing in the colonies."

She chuckled. "Just getting away for a bit," she supplied. "I needed time away from my uncle."

He raised an eyebrow. "Orphan?"

At her nod, he decided not to pursue that line of questioning any further. "So are you a student, or do you have a job already?"

She grinned and said, "Ah, I'm between jobs at the moment. What about you? You're obviously doing well for yourself if that suit is anything to go by."

Harry grinned. "I'm in personnel. It's my job to find people to fill certain positions. I also work security every now and then," he added, thinking of the duties his mother had given him, as well as the few adventures he'd had with his father.

"Sounds boring."

"Not as much as you'd think."

Theresa moaned as Harry pushed her up against the door of her hotel room. Frankly, considering how Harry had handled her since their first kiss back in the bar, she was surprised they'd even made it to the room.

His kisses made her feel as though her blood were on fire.

"Bedâ€œ|Now," she moaned, breathlessly.

She felt Harry grin against her neck as he easily lifted her by her ass and carried her to the bed,

Theresa awoke to smell of maple syrup and bacon.

fall to her waist, exposing her firm, D-cup breast. Godâ€œif she had known sex could be as fantastic as it was last night, she'd have lost her virginity years ago.

Harry really was a fantastic lover.

Having noticed she was awake, Harry carried over a tray filled with foods. Smiling he said, "Morning, I trust you slept well?"

She snorted as he set the tray in front of her, revealing a fluffy Belgian waffle, bacon, and toast, along with large glasses of orange juice and milk. "As if you didn't know I was exhausted," she said, smelling the food. "This smells delicious."

"Thank you," he said with a grin, causing her to look up at him. "Not only did I cook everything," he gestured to the in-suite kitchen, "but you are giving me a fantastic view at the moment."

Blushing lightly, but knowing he'd seen (and tasted, god his tongue was amazing) much more last night, she ignored him and took a bite of the food.

"Are you sure about this?" Theresa asked as Harry held the taxi door for her.

Harry had convinced her to come met his father with him. Telling her that his father wouldn't mind, and that he wasn't the kind of man that fucked a woman and left.

After some resistance, she had reluctantly agreed.

If asked however, she would deny that she was hoping desperately for a repeat of last night, which was why she had agreed. If she stayed close to Harry, the odds of a repeat performance were much higher.

Harry rolled his eyes, but grinned. "Yes," he said. "Father keeps telling me I need a woman besides Mother in my life, and he enjoys meeting new people. Frankly, he'll be ecstatic and probably give you a large bear hug in greeting before slapping me on the back and announce that we all need to drink to celebrate."

With a sigh, Theresa climbed into the cab.

"Avenger's Tower," Theresa muttered, "Your father lives in Avenger's Tower?"

"Yes," Harry supplied, as he lead the young woman towards the large building.

"Why?"

"Because he is an Avenger," Harry added, ignoring the stunned look on the redheads face. Opening the door to the lobby for her, he added, "My father is Thor Odinson. Crowned Prince of Asgard."

She stopped, and looked at him, "You're an Asgardian!"

"Ehhhâ€|Yes and no. My mother is not of Asgard, so I'm not completely Asgardian," he explained.

Theresa was stunned silent, and didn't even speak as they stepped into the elevator. Nor did she speak when Harry talked to JARVIS.

"Mr. Thor," JARVIS' voice spoke as the Avengers were gathered for lunch, drawing everyone's attention, but Thor's especially.

"Yes?" the blond Asgardian asked, pausing as he was bringing a pop-tart to his mouth.

"There is a Mr. Helason, and a friend, here to see you."

Loki spit out his tea, drawing the other Avengers attention, as Thor beamed and said, "Let him pass, it has been too long since I have seen him."

Before any of the other Avengers could ask, Loki did, "Helason?! Since when does Hela have any children?"

"Do you not remember when Hela coerced me intoâ€œ|?"

"YES!" Loki shouted. "Please stop, I don't need to be reminded of the fact you slept with my daughter," Pepper and Jane, who had been drinking water and coffee respectively, spit out their drinks, "but I thought she said the child was gone?"

'Daughter?' Clint mouthed.

Before anyone could speak however, the elevator door opened and two people stepped out. One looked like Thor with Loki's hair and eyes, and the other was a red-haired girl about a head shorter than him.

Thor quickly stood, holding out his arms, "Harry!" He greeted loudly. "You really must come eat with us, these Pop-Tarts are simply magnificent. And who is your friend?"

Harry grinned. "Good to see you Dad, but I'm afraid we ate before coming over." He put his arm around the redhead, "This is Theresa Cassidy."

"It is good to meet you Theresa Cassidy," Thor said happily. "Tell me, how do you know my son?"

Theresa blushed, and mumbled, "I meet him last night."

"Dad," Harry said, warning in his voice.

Thor apparently understood the message, because he said, "Now I shall introduce my companions," he said, before gesturing to each of them as he said their names. Finally he came to the two most important introductions. "This is your grandfather, Loki, and Jane Foster, whom

I am courting."

Harry reached forward and shook Jane's hand. "A pleasure to meet you."

"Likewise," Jane said, a little unsurely.

Harry then turned to Loki. "Grandfather," he greeted.

Loki kept opening and closing his mouth in shock.

"Come," Thor said, slapping his son on the back, "let us talk," before leading his son away, leaving Theresa alone with the other Avengers.

As soon as Thor and Harry where gone, Clint asked Loki, "How can Harry be your grandson and Thor's son? Aren't you two brothers, even if you are adopted?"

Loki winced slightly before answering, "Hela, my daughterâ€|. coerced, for lack of a better term, Thor into sleeping with and impregnating her. Harry was the, apparent, result."

"Isn't Hela the Norse god of the dead?" Jane asked.

Loki nodded. "Indeed. My daughter rules over the realms of Niffleheim and Hel, where the wicked and unremarkable dead dwell."

"So Harry's a nightfury?" Tony quipped.

At the confused looks he got from his fellow Avengers, he explained, "The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself." When no one reacted he asked, "Am I the only one that's seen How to Train Your Dragon?"

"Yes," Natasha answered, before looking at Theresa. "Cassidy, are by any chance related to Sean Cassidy?"

Theresa frowned, before nodding, "Yes, he was my father."

"Was?" Clint asked. "I know he's a busy guy, being an Interpol agent and all, but I don't think he's the kind of guy to disown his own kid."

Theresa looked up sharply. "My father is dead. He died before I was even born," she said with a glare.

Bruce shrugged, "Maybe it's a different Sean Cassidy," he supplied.

"One way to find out," Tony said, before walking over to a screen and saying, "JARVIS, pull up all information you can find on an Interpol agent named Sean Cassidy."

"Of course sir," the AI responded, causing Theresa to jump.

Moments later, Tony pulled up a picture and asked, "This your dad?"

The redhead looked at the picture, shocked. "Yes."

"Well he isn't dead," Tony supplied, scrolling through info, although this says that his wife is and that she was pregnant at the time. This is interesting—he's currently trying to connect his own brother, one 'Black Tom' Cassidy to several crimes.

"I think I need to sit down," Theresa said, paling slightly.

Harry walked over to stand beside Theresa, who was looking out over the city.

"Everything I have ever known has been a lie," she said, not looking at him. "What do I do now?"

Harry sighed and walked forward to stand beside her. "You move on, and when you meet your father, your try." She looked at him, and he explained, "For almost seventeen years, I believed my parents to be dead. Then, I discovered that not only were they alive, but that they were gods, and the people I had believed to be my parents weren't my parents. It took time, but I've developed relationships with both my mother and father. You can do the same."

"I feel so alone," she admitted.

Harry smiled lightly, and turned her to face him. "We only met yesterday, but I promise I'll be here to help you through it. Clint is getting in contact with your father, hopefully he'll be here soon and you two can begin building the relationship you should have always had. In the meantime, I agreed to spend some time helping the Avengers and my father here in New York, mainly so I can get to know Jane a bit. But...while it may seem soon and sudden, I would like to get to know you even better as well."

Theresa grinned and looked up at him. "Really?" she asked, unsurely.

"I won't lie Theresa, last night was fantastic," he said with a grin. "There is definitely an attraction between us. I don't know if we can actually love each other, but I would like to find out. If that's okay with you."

Theresa grinned, before leaning up to lightly kiss Harry. As she pulled back, she said, "I think I would like that." Her grin turned naughty as she added, especially if you're up for a repeat performance of last night."

Harry grinned. "I think I can manage that."

"Then what are you waiting for?" she asked.

Harry needed no further prompting as he picked Theresa up and carried her to his new room in the Tower.

Special shout-out to Ardent Aspen, an anonymous reviewer of Harry Helason, for providing Tony's joke. Their review was: Oh good heavens! Harry is a Night Fury! ("Unholy offspring of Lightning and Death itself") actually, if you ever continue this, it'd be hilarious if someone called Harry/Harvaldr a Night Fury

If you don't realize, Theresa Cassidy is Siryn, mutant daughter of Sean Cassidy who is also known as Banshee.

I hope you enjoyed. And I may, or may not continue the adventures of Harvaldr Helason depending on if the muse strikes again.

Anyway, Please Review, Check Out the Challenges in My Forums, and the Stories I have up for Adoption, under the Title: **_Please Adopt Me!_**

End
file.